

The Comickall Historie of

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arag. VVhat's here! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a Seedule: I will reade it.

How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fooles head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Arag. VVhat is here?

The Fire seven times tried this,

Seven times tryed that judgement is,

That did never choose amisse:

Some there be that shadowes kisse;

Such have but a shadowes blisse.

There be fooles alive: I wis,

Silver'd o're, and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed,

I will ever be your head:

So be gone, you are sped.

Arag. Still more foole I shall appeare

By the time I linger here:

With one fooles head I came to weoe,

But I goe away with two.

Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,

Patiently to beare my wroth.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:

O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,

They have their wisdom by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,

Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

the Merchant of Venice.

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;

To wit, (besides commends and curious breath)

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not scene

So likely an Embassadour of love.

A day in April never came so sweet

To show how costly Summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard

Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,

Thou spendst such high day wit in praying him:

Come, come, *Nerrissa*, for I long to see

Quicke Cupids Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerrissa. Bassanio, Lord, Love if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?

Salar. Why yet it lives there unchecked, that *Anthony* hath a
ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I
thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and farall, where
the carcasses of many a tall ship lieburied, as they say, if my Gossip
Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a Gossip in that, as ever
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleieve she wept for the
death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of pro-
lixity, or crossing the plain high way of talke, that the good *An-*
thonio, the honest *Anthony*; O that I had a title good enough to
keepe his name company.

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solanio. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the Devill crosse my
prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Jew. How now
Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well, as you, of my daugh-
ters flight.

Salar. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that
made the wings she flew withall,

E

Sol. And